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THE
PARSONIAD;
A
SATYR.

Inscribed to

Mr. POPE.



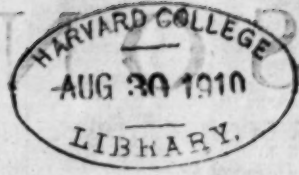
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W. R. Castle, Jr.

11-11-11



T H E
P A R S O N I A D;
A
S A T Y R.

Inscrib'd to Mr. P O P E.

SHALL *Temple Beaus*, or *College Smarts* maintain
 No *Law* but *Sense*, no *God* but *Chance* ordain?
 Shall lukewarm *Priests*, or hotbrain'd *Deacons* bawl,
 Believing nothing, or believing all?
 Texts misaply, and Writs mistaken preach,
 Or never practice what they always teach:
 Cajole Superiors, and to Vice adhere,
 An Ass if BISHOP, or a FOOL if PEER.
 Shall WOOLSTON'S Scoffs, or HENLEY'S Puffs abuse,
 Blaspheme their Pulpits, and profane their Pews?

Harangue

Harangue their Infidels by Sneers addrest,
 Expose their Function, and pretend to Jest?
 Reply, unread; unheard, repeat again,
 And Labour much----*but Labour much in vain?*

No: Virtue draws, and Justice points my Pen,
 To brand all Guilty, doom all lawless Men;
 To censure Atheists, Deists to Lampoon,
 Scourge the Church Zany, or the Court Buffoon.
 Truth to unmask, implicit Faith unfold,
 Discover Frauds unseen, or Cheats untold,
 Expound *Religion*, and unveil her Face,
 The Frown of Mercy, or the Smile of Grace.

Oh thou distinguish'd Bard whom I revere,
 In Life unblemish'd, and in Verse sincere;
 Oh most obliging, where the least oblig'd,
 In Crowds, surrounded, and in Courts, besieg'd;
 Thou School of Virtue, and thou Scourge of Vice,
 When gay, instructive, and when grave, not nice;
 Enflame my Soul with thy celestial Fire,
 For P O P E's inspir'd, and can himself inspire:
 At him, they tremble, who offend their G O D,
 Start at his Thunder, and adore his R O D.

Then

Thy Eye their Law, their Oracle thy Brow,
 They worship Nature, and a P O P E allow:
 Each Word so sacred, and each Thought divine,
 Serve at thy A L T A R, and reform their Shrine:
 Each Line so right, their Life cannot be wrong,
 So pure thy Morals, and so just their S O N G.
 In logick Walks, and philosophick Roads,
 Wisdom breeds Serpents, and Devotion Toads:
 Hence letter'd Dullness nurses in her Schools,
 A Herd of Blockheads, and a Nest of Fools:
 The Bloom of Learning's blasted by Disputes,
 And puts out fruitless Leaves, instead of Fruits:
 A simple Doctor, tho' a subtle Soph,
 Rise by Degrees, but by Degrees fall off:
 Like circling Planets round a *Zodiack* run,
 Break out in *Oxford Jest*, or *Cambridge Pun*,
 Inform, but just inform th' errattick Clod,
 Forsake their *Ruler*, and forget their *God*:
 For like our Oak, forbidden Science shoots
 To Heav'n its Branches, or to Hell its Roots;
 Hence *Comment* answers *Comment* Line for Line,
 And boldly, what they cannot prove, define,

B Puff'd

Puff'd up by Pride, or by Ambition blown,
 Condemn God's Writings to commend their own.

Hence Sheets disorder'd load the weary Press,
 Dictate no Meaning, or a Meaning guess;
 Hence miscellaneous Heaps of Letters swell,
 Which Syllable is long or short to tell:
 Each *pale Librarian* turns his Index o'er,
 To spoil the Page each Worm had spoil't before;
 Shall Claſſick Method from Confuſion ſpring,
 And here explain a Word, and there a Thing?
 Annex to Heathens what each Chriſtian writ,
 Divide what's proper, and diſjoin what's fit?
 Then all collected jumble up remains,
 And ſpare no Fragment, as they ſpare no Pains.
 Proceed with this Advice, if not too late,
 Nor old Tranſlations into new tranſlate:
 Amend their Errors, but your own confeſs,
 Nor Blunders more commit, to make 'em leſs:
 View and review, mark and remark again,
 Correct Men freely----*but correct like MEN.*
 Shall *venal Journals* penſion'd SLAVES obtrude
 For verbal Freedom, real Servitude?

In un-connected Essays recommend
 A Foe to Reason, yet Religion's Friend :
 Amuse by Arguments, but not convince,
 Flatter a *Queen*, or compliment a *Prince* :
 Affright an *Army*, or a *NAVY* scare,
 And threaten *Peace* when they intends a *War* :
 Harraſs the People, or betray the Isle,
 Perplex the Foolish, and the Wise beguile ;
 Nor Faith defend, or argue to repair,
 A Church neglected, or indecent Pray'r,
 Demolish Priestcraft with a good Design,
 To rob the Temple, or defraud the *SHRINE*.

Hence tatter'd *SPIN-TEXTS* arrogant, absurd
 Pronounce, what superstitious Saints averr'd ;
 On knotty Points, and Stings of Conscience dwell
 The Pangs of Pleasure, or the Pains of Hell :
Bull-fac'd Apostates, never loud enough,
 Divinely dull, and most demurely gruff,
 Damn with Anathema's and long Dispute,
 Confuting always, never to confute :
 Speak in a Passion what Apostles spoke,
 Fretting themselves, their Hearers to provoke :

Cant against Priest-craft in a foolish Tone,
Observe your Folly---but neglect their Own.

Supreme, o'er awkward Scholiasts, O D W A Y reigns,
Their Notes despises, and their Rules disdains;
Condemns the Living, and arraigns the Dead,
With reading more than ever Critick read:
Tho' weighty Periods fill his manly Tongue,
Smooth as a *Bacon*, as a *Newton* strong;
This *Moth* of *Time*, and *Rust* of *Men* controuls
Ephesian Dunces, or *Athenian Owls*:
Instructs *Free-Thinkers* by censorious *Birch*,
And tho' religious---never goes to Church;
Performs his Duty, but he knows not how,
Too proud to kneel, or else too high, to bow:
Lashes his Rebels with an Iron Rod,
And fears no Visitation from his G O D:
From unknown Hands of unknown Crimes accus'd,
Depos'd by Bishops, and by Deans abus'd:
With surly Bulls, or Rev'rend Bears Disputes,
By snarling Dogs, or bearded Goats confutes,
Pulls by the Nose each Doctrine of Defence,
Claws into Truth, and worry's into Sense.

Slow

Slow marches heavy BALAAM, and appears,
 Grave as a Statesman, with a Statesman's Ears;
 Morose his Conduct, and perverse his Mind,
 To God obedient, tho' to Man enclin'd:
 His Worship apprehends when Tithes are due,
 When Leases fall, or Tenants will renew:
 On Rent-rolls oftner than his Bible looks,
 And preaches Sermons out of printed Books;
 Brays for his Living, and the Service draws,
 Stands up for Morals, but by Morals falls:
 Appeals to Civil or to Canon Laws,
 And will appeal, with, or without a Cause.

Quick Megrims flutter in COLLEGIO's Mind,
 And hurry him to pray, before he's din'd:
 His Hand Maid calls, your *Sir Loin* will decay,
 The Fatness, Dross, and *Gravy* melts away:
 Eat up your Beef, and swallow down your Bowl,
 Nor lose your Dinner, though to save your Soul.

This said, he gravely orders up his Cloth,
 A Heap of Dishes, and a Flood of Broth:

Drinks 'gainst his Conscience, 'gainst his Stomach eats,
 And pays the Butcher-----tho' the Glutton cheats.
 Fast o'er his pious Tongue rich Morfels fall,
 And since 'tis consecrated, guzzles all.

Now swift advances, then advances flow,
 With Eye disdainful, and assuming Brow ;
 Enthron'd in State, now lulls his vacant Mien,
 So white his Surplice, and his Gloves so clean :
 Then speechless, lifeless, undismay'd, compos'd,
 Pray'd without fasting, without sleeping dos'd :
 His guilty Mind believ'd a future State,
 Nor cou'd dissemble with approaching Fate ;
 The Voice of Fate, and Stroke of Death he knew,
 Knowing, engag'd ; engaging, overthrew.

Thus wealthy Rogues of Punishment afraid,
 Old in their Cheats unwillingly degrade,
 And for to save their Souls, leave off their Trade. }
 Yet as a dying General, gives Command,
 With Voice beseeching, and imploring Hand :
 So in Decay instructive MUDBRAINS gave
 A Curtain Lecture to elude the Grave :

Prepares

Prepares for Death, but in Expectance fell,
Too bad for Heav'n, and yet too good for Hell.

Thus white rob'd Angels fall : thus Pride pulls down
The Prelate's Mitre, or the Monarch's Crown :
From golden Pinacles above can show,
The tempting Glories of the World below ;
Allures with Pain unfelt, or Joy unseen,
The strutting Bishop, or the Swagg'ring DEAN.

So our Twin Orbs of Sight, till Sight does fail,
Clear as the Chrystals, but as Chrystals frail,
May of best Objects a just Centre prove,
Both in this World below, and that above :
But if the worst of Objects enter in,
They open Doors to Vice, and Gates to Sin ;
Or if perverted by Delusion curst,
Transform to Stars of Pride, and Flames of Lust.

Had BOWMAN reason'd, BOWMAN would have found
His Doctrine faulty, and his Faith unfound :

Nor seem'd the Froth of Scholars, Chaff of Schools,
 Carefs'd by Villains, and ador'd by Fools ;
 Nor run such Lengths as never DEIST ran,
 The Plague of Duty, and the Pest of Man :
 A Rogue in Humour, and a Knave in Wit,
 Writing such Maxims as were never writ ;
 Despis'd Instruction, and destroy'd the Rod,
 His Star, the Bible, and his Pilot, God :
 Nor preach'd of Vanity, yet preach'd in vain,
 Nor learn'd Religion as an Art to gain :
 Studious of Ease, and anxious where to dine,
 A God his Belly, and a Feast his Shrine :
 Subject to Vice, in Virtue's Cause employ'd,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd :
 A Fool of Fame, and Monument of State,
 Wickedly Good, and impotently Great :
 Ill-fated BOWMAN may repent his Doom,
 His Birth not Death, his Cradle not his Tomb.

Unhappy TINDAL, impious in Disguise
 Unknown, ridiculous, admir'd, unwise,
 With godly Nonsense, and with holy Rage,
 Infects each Paper, and corrupts each Page :

Whose

Whose Guide was Error, and Religion, Paint,
 Each Priest a Stallion, and each Whore, a Saint,
 Ne'er left unfinish'd what he once begun,
 Undoing others, by himself undone :
 Accurst with Length of Days and weight of Years,
 Ordain'd to Troubles, and inur'd to Fears,
 Trod not the Path that all Mankind have trod,
 The Law of Nature, or the Law of God ;
 Collects his Judgment, and his Thought recalls,
 Securely Struggles, and sedately Falls ;
 Repents before departing Life is gone,
 Breaths out Advice---but breaths it in a Groan.

' With Eye uplifted, and attentive Ear
 ' 'Twas Heaven to see him, and 'twas Heaven to hear ;
 ' So full his Truths, so clear, his Precepts shine,
 ' His Laws were human, but his Words divine.

He speaks---but interrupted short by Death,
 The Sentence breaks abrupt, and stops his Breath :
 Mistaken Man : Since Nature can mistake,
 And fail the Writer for the Subject's sake !

D

Forfake

Forfake her Laws, and Miracles conceive,
 Supplant a W O O L S T O N, and a T I N D A L leave;
 Unspotted Triumph, and untainted shine,
 Proving its Light, to be the Light Divine:

So when the Face of Earth, in Veils of Night
 O'er shades the Moon, and overhangs its Light:
 Baleful and silent the dark Orb appears,
 Alarms our Follies, and provokes our Fears:
 But when the lazy rolling Clouds remove,
 And the slow rising Moon rides high above,
 Borrows Effulgence from a brighter Source,
 And runs, divided with the Sun, its Course:

But long e'er Sun or Moon ru'd Day and Night,
 Or Star on Star stream'd Flood on Flood of Light,
 Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all,
 G O D turn'd for Heaven an Arch, for Earth, a Ball:
 Rounded this Globe to fall, and that to rise,
 O'erspread these Clouds on Clouds, and Skies on Skies:
 Then bade the Lions roar, the Tygers howl,
 He scal'd the Fishes, and he plum'd the Fowl:

Gave

Gave *Man*, a mortal and immortal Part,
 Gave *Woman*, Love for Love, and Heart for Heart :
 Roll'd Worlds on Worlds with an Almighty Nod,
 And reigns of *Kings* the *King*, of *Gods*, the *God*.

Hence springs our Virtue, hence Religion flows,
 Our Morals sink, or bubble up in Woes :
 Virtue, the Atheist's Choice, and Statesman's Scheme,
 The Old Man's Vision, and the Young Man's Dream :
 Hence I derive my Creed : or right, or wrong,
 Tho' weak my Reason, yet my Faith is strong :
 Depend on Mercy, and on Hope rely,
 Fearful to live, yet not afraid to die :
 Safe tho' I am, as if I'd never been,
 Unheard, unconscious, undisturb'd, unseen :
 Restless in Life, in Death securely rest,
 Nor bad oppressing, nor if good, Opprest.

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